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"Cummie"—The Old Nurse of R.L.S.

Alex. Sinclair

The name "Cummie" is no longer as a cipher on a clean sheet of paper, but is known wherever Stevenson is read. It calls up the picture of his faithful nurse—loyal, devoted, and even more devout than his mother, albeit she was a daughter of the manse. To most readers "Cummie" is but a word picture. The writer had the gracious privilege of a friendship extending over the long period of nineteen years. The following short appreciation is the outcome of that intimate acquaintanceship.

It is impossible to think of "Cummie" without recalling the picture of Colinton, Swanston and Morningside, close to the Braid Hills and nestling under the shadows of the historic Pentlands. Indeed the whole country round about Swanston is historic. There is still a little Roman bridge with a "skewed arch" to be seen near the place. In one field the writer has often gazed at a large unhewn battle-stone, weird and awesome, commemorating a battle between the Picts and the Romans, within the shadow of these same hills. Here, about two centuries later, the Covenanters encamped before the battle of Rullion Green. Near this spot is Swanston House, where the Stevensons lived for some time.

In close proximity is "Hunter's Tryst," where Allan Ramsay laid the scene of *The Gentle Shepherd*, where stands the little roadside inn which Scott and Ramsay knew so well, and in which the "Six Foot Club" used to meet and make merry. Along this road, sometimes Noble and Rab, of *Rab and His Friends*, by Dr. John Brown, passed, on Edinburgh market days. The Morningside district of Edinburgh now stretches out to the Braid Hills, stealing sly glances at the hollow, where lies Swanston House, amid the tall trees. Within a mile of this lovely and historic spot dwelt Miss Alison Cunningham, during those nineteen years of my friendship, and for four more years until the time of her death in Comiston Place, some two years ago.

It is with the conviction that lovers of Stevenson will be interested to hear something more than has already appeared in print regarding his nurse that I venture to set forth this humble and unpretentious appreciation. So much has already been said by such writers as the present Lord Guthrie, Graham Balfour, Esq., and Miss Rosaline Masson. Fortunately, however, I can speak of the common everyday affairs in Miss Cunningham's life, into which these writers never entered. To them it was practically a closed book, to me an open one to be read at leisure . . . In an aside she whispered, "They are above me," and while of course she respected them highly, she felt more at home with those of us in the common everyday walks of life.

The name "Cummie" was reserved for Stevenson alone; it sounds sacreligious in any other mouth. Nobody as yet referred to her in any other terms than "Miss Cunningham," and in tones of the deepest respect. Almost an apology is needed for my title, and yet I am sure, could I but ask her, she would grant me the liberty.

Miss Cunningham was a familiar figure on Comiston and Morningside Roads, as she stepped out so smartly and cleanly, accompanied by "Tweedie," her pet dog. Although well advanced in years she walked as smartly and lightly as a girl. Her dress was always very neat and appropriate, a perfect unvarying neatness, with a sense of delicate purity and nattiness. The stranger and casual passer-by could not refrain from stealing a second glance at that white, saintly face, the mild blue eyes and the aureola of beautiful, silver-white hair. "Who is she?" the stranger often asked me. To my reply the invariable rejoinder was, "Oh, is that so?" uttered with satisfactory emphasis, followed by another glance, while a faint odor of lavender pervaded the atmosphere and the vicinity of the chair in which she sat when she came in to see me.

Lovers of Stevenson came from all quarters of the globe to see Miss Cunningham. Interviews, especially during the Summer months, were many, so many indeed, that often she told me, with a sigh and a shrug of the shoulders, that she was tired of it all. But oh, she was so wonderfully patient! I think I gaze on that sweet, saintly face as I write. And patience was blended with pride, especially during the many interviews arising out of the publication of *The Child's Garden of Verse*.

But I wish to take you back to '91, when I first met Miss Alison Cunningham. At that time I was an assistant in a large store, where Miss Cunningham was in the habit of making her purchases. To this day I can remember our first interview. There was of course no introduction. She walked quietly, yet smartly, up to the counter and gave her orders. Leaving her name and address and depositing receipt and change in her purse, with a smile and slight bow she was gone—the faithful "Tweedie" at her side. Short as that first interview was, the sweet expression of the face, the bright, sparkling eyes, the unregulated voice—for I observed she was very

deaf—the neat dress and the graceful bearing and carriage made an abiding impression. In after years, many a time have I seen those eyes filled with tears, amid smiles that seemed to apologize for them, when her tender heart was touched with a tale of suffering or misery. When she called next time at the store she waited until I was ready to serve her, although others among my fellow-workmen were disengaged. I wondered at this, but quickly discovered why she did so. They wondered, too, who had so often served her. The reason was obvious. They all cultivated heavy moustaches, according to the custom, while I at that time was minus that adornment. Miss Cunningham, I said, was very deaf. She could read my lips and understand every word I spoke; besides, she observed that I spoke in an easy and ordinary calm tone, whereas the others spoke with apparent effort, in a loud tone, vainly endeavoring to make themselves heard. She was painfully conscious of the effort. Being very sensitive, and observing my calmness, she ever afterwards made it a point of coming to me with her orders. Insignificant as this may seem, it was the beginning of an intimacy which grew closer and closer as the years passed. And after a few short years, when I had begun my own business, Miss Cunningham transferred her custom unsolicited, a custom I retained until I sold out and came to Canada.

But there was another bond between us. She asked me if I had read any of "her boy's" books. I replied in the affirmative, adding that almost daily I walked out the Braid Hills Road to Swanston House, and frequently went round by Colinton, thinking of him all the time. This was enough. I had found a place in her affections which I retained to the last.

How proud she was of her "Lou." I remember her one day saying to me, "They call my boy 'Louis' (s-silent), but we never called him so at home. It was 'Lewis' and sometimes 'Robert,' but never 'Louis.'" And at mention of the name the tears of love stood in those mild eyes. How much was behind those tears! Pride in her boy, visions of the past with him, frail and weak, in her arms, yearning and hoping for the health of him who at the moment was in far away Upolu, busy with his *Catriona*, (David Balfour) and *Sophia Scarlet* (never published), *St. Ives*, and *Weir of Hermiston*. (Completed, I think, by J. M. Barrie.)

Frequently Miss Cunningham would be confined to her home with a cold or influenza. On all such occasions I was sent for to transact her little bits of business, for she trusted me fully. It was then I was shown tiny little home-made wooden frames, containing little slips of paper with poetry written by "her boy" to his "dear nurse Cummie," in a schoolboy hand. These occupied a proud position on her bedroom mantlepiece, and there was quite a number of them. I never had the nerve to ask for a memento, although often the request was on the tip o my tongue. I fancy, however, that Lord Guthrie, who was a frequent visitor, had his eye on them, and will now doubtless possess these priceless relics.

Miss Cunningham, although in her youth she had more than the average share of good looks and accomplishments, never married. Graham Balfour tells us she danced and sang to her boy, and read to him most dramatically. "It's you that gave me a passion for the drama, Cummie" said Stevenson. And I have heard from her lips a hymn recited, and more than one old Covenanting story. It was well known that she had refused an attractive offer of marriage, choosing rather to be near her boy than to enjoy a home of her own. For a number of years her brother, James Cunningham, lived in the house with her. A familiar sight was James Cunningham, with his walking-stick in his hand, accompanied by his sister and "Tweedie," on Comiston Road. "Tweedie," like the famous "Rab," dearly loved a fight. After one of these scraps "Tweedie" would run into the store after his mistress, where he would receive a severe lecture, which generally wound up with a stamp of her foot and "you rascal," with "Tweedie" intelligently looking up into her face, wagging his tail as much as to say, "See how I can guard you!" But Tweedie had his throat torn in one of these mixups, and despite the skill of the veterinary surgeon, it never healed up satisfactorily, and "Tweedie," after an adequate dose of chloroform, followed "the spirits of the beasts that go downward." I remember well how deeply grieved Miss Cunningham was at the loss of her faithful friend. Talking it over with me shortly after, she asked my opinion as to the likelihood of meeting our dumb friends on the other side. She believed we would. I told her that I thought not, but had no objections if they were all as devoted as "Tweedie," and would behave themselves. At this she smiled, gave one of her very significant little nods, and there the matter ended.

Having left her orders, she would often say "au revoir, monsieur"—for she used to speak a little French—turn smartly about, and walk away as lightly on her feet as a girl of eighteen. She was then somewhere around the three-score years and ten. Not long after the death of "Tweedie" Miss Cunningham was consoled by receiving a beautiful chocolate-colored Pomeranian as a present. She whispered at the time the donor's name—an admirer of Stevenson—but the name has escaped me.

Perhaps the strongest bond of all between us was the discovery that we were both members of the same household of Faith. Miss Cunningham, as every one knows, was distinctly religious—a Calvinist "to the backbone," as we should say, but by no means a gloomy Christian. She had no more the gloom of Calvinism than John Calvin was a Calvinist. She had a splendid knowledge of her Bible, and that other excellent work of the Westminster Divines, the Shorter Catechism. With these and the *Scottish Worthies*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and *Tales of the Covenanters*, she fed Stevenson's young mind and fired his imagination. There is not an Edinburgh boy but has heard these stories or read them. Stevenson heard them from his nurse's lips, when lying weak and ill in her arms. Under her spell in narrating them he would forget all his troubles, for if anyone could rivet a child's attention it was Miss Cunningham.

The late Rev. John Morgan, of Viewforth United Free Church, was her minister. She simply adored him. There was no minister of the Gospel in all Scotland like him to her, and cer-

tainly she had some reason for saying so. She was a regular attendant on his ministry. Just as sure as Monday came round, so sure would Miss Cunningham visit me to tell how much she enjoyed the sermon on the previous day, and how much helped by it she had been. I often wondered how she heard Mr. Morgan, for he was full-bearded, with a heavy moustache. And yet, who knows but some sixth sense may have been given on such occasions; at any rate she found help, and it did her good to find in me a sympathetic listener. Half a dozen years have passed and more, since that time. She is gone over to the majority, and has become reunited with all she held dear in her lifetime. She has joined her minister, and best of all her "Lou," and has solved the problems which troubled her in these days at Comiston Place.

Miss Cunningham had all the attributes of a lady, high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others and refined personal habits.

She has entered worthily into her rest and reward.

The Application of Surveying Principles

By Reginald Hugo, '17

The fundamental principles of topographical surveying are fairly simple, and are understood by every person acquainted with only the essentials of engineering. These principles are outlined in text-books, and are applied to all topographical work.

In the field, however, one runs up against conditions which are peculiar to that region. These special problems, due to their number and diversity, cannot be taught in any way except by experience. Each type of country has its own conditions to be overcome, and our text-book knowledge must be modified and applied to these special conditions. The writer wishes to illustrate the above remarks by a description of such problems and their solution, encountered during a Summer's work on the B.C. coast, viz., at Anyox, about 110 miles north of Prince Rupert.

The above mentioned conditions will vary according to two general heads—

1. Climate.
2. Topography.

The effect of climate upon the methods of conducting a survey is the less of the two, but nevertheless important, a hot, dry climate unquestionably calling for a different procedure than a moist climate.

Climate—The climate of Anyox may be rightfully stated as wet, the annual precipitation running well over 100 inches. This fact may be made more striking by a comparison with the precipitation in other localities, Manitoba, for instance, running from 18 inches to 22 inches annually; Halifax, 55 inches or so; Vancouver, about 70 inches. During the four months spent there, two were continually wet, and the other two moist. A diary kept during the Summer has under the remarks on weather: "June 27—rain," and then ditto marks running down the next few pages, with the word "heavy" occasionally inserted.

The work being carried on close to tidewater (elevations 0 to 4,000 feet above sea level), fog was a necessary adjunct to the rain. The effect on telescope work may be readily imagined.

Temperature, wind, length of day, etc., all have their obvious effect on the work. The tide itself, although not affecting the actual methods of surveying, was an important factor in laying out coast work. It was no uncommon occurrence to have to wade out to a hub which had been covered by two or three feet of water by the rising tide. It's all right if you know where it is, but if you have to hunt for it, it becomes interesting.

Topography—This item is intended to cover all surface irregularities, obstructions, and so on. The topography around Anyox was abnormal in a number of ways, in fact, in all the ways it was possible to be abnormal. In the first place, the ground level was considerably distorted by hills, creeks, canyons and cliffs. Not only is there no level place in the whole region, but the slopes themselves are made up of a series of humps and sags, instead of rising regularly from base to summit, as they do away back from the coast. In crossing Granby Point, for instance, just out in the bay, you start at sea level, rise to 210 feet, go down to 120 feet, then up to 315 feet, down an almost vertical cliff to 70 feet, up to 400 feet, down to 350 feet, up to 500 feet, and down a series of cliffs to sea level again, each of these slopes being made up of ridges, cliffs and hillocks, of 20 feet or more. The distance from one shore to the other is about a mile, but it takes almost three hours to travel along a straight line. It is amusing under these circumstances to notice the antics of the chief when he finds he has left some instruments or a note book at camp.

Cliffs ranged from 50 feet to 500 feet in height, and occasioned more trouble than any other item. It was often necessary to zigzag the traverse up one of them in order to get a sight with the telescope.

On account of the heavy rainfall, and due also to the fact that small hills and knolls constituted the surface of the country, creeks were very numerous, and each one of these would have somewhere along its course a gorge, anywhere to 200 feet deep. It was surprising to see some of these creeks, not over three feet wide or deep, running through a canyon you would expect to find a fair-sized river in. On reaching such a gorge, the axes, rods, tapes and other indestructible instruments, would be thrown over to the other side, and an hour or two spent in climbing down into the gorge, stepping across the creek and scaling the other side.

The second main difficulty to contend with was vegetation, *i.e.*, forest growth and brush. The trees were, for the most part, hemlock, cedar and balsam, with some fir, spruce and tamarack, most of which had fallen to the ground. It is inconvenient, to say the least, when the line comes to a large Douglas fir, stretched across the path. It is too low to crawl under, too high to climb over, and it is necessary to walk off in the bush 100 feet or so and go around the end of it. Or to get into a patch of blueberry bushes or balsam saplings, which strip the pack off your back and the instruments from your hands as you squeeze through. Devil clubs should not be forgotten here. They are a bush growing up to twelve feet in height, covered with thorns about an eighth of an inch long, which enter the flesh and break off just below the skin. You usually find them on the side of a slippery hill as you slide down, with nothing else to catch hold of.

A few of the factors affecting the method of surveying are therefore apparent. The special work it entailed will be brought out best by taking up in order the various steps in the survey. Only the special features will be discussed, it not being necessary to mention any points common to all such work.

Base Line (for Triangulation)—It is necessary that a base line shall be straight for 2,000 feet or more, of the same grade throughout, and located so that it may be worked along easily, and that signals placed at each end shall be visible from at least two other points suitable for signals.

Signals—Should be located so as to be visible from at least two other points suitable for signals, and in such a manner as to produce good triangles and intersections.

The difficulty of obtaining a good base line and suitable signals in this country is obvious. They had to be found, as they were ultimately, but a good deal of cutting and reconnaisance was required.

Transit Traverses—Lines were run through the bush by transit from signal to signal, forming the lines for the subsequent plane table work. It was a fortunate fact that part of the country was laid out in mining claims, which required as their boundaries, lines cut six feet wide through the bush. These lines were used as much as possible for transit work, otherwise it would have been necessary to cut our own lines. Over these some cutting was necessary, and throughout the Summer the average length of shot along these lines was 150 feet, 50 feet shots being far more common than 200 feet shots, this being due to the rise and fall along the line.

The most difficult feature on this part of the work was the setting-up of the instrument. A book could be written on the various means used for obtaining a set up, some of which were ingenious, to say the least. Stumps and roots of upturned trees were a favorite spot for a hub. It was the only way to get past them. Two legs of the tripod on a stump and the other in a notch cut in a tree five feet away was not uncommon. The head rodman often left a hub in a difficult position and cut notches in half the trees within five feet of the hub to set the tripod legs in.

On one occasion we were running a line parallel to a canyon, some 150 feet deep, and had to reach the bottom somehow. A hub was left on a ledge about two feet wide, half-way up one wall of the canyon, which happened to be overhanging at that point. After a great deal of "persuasion," the instrument man got himself and the transit down to the ledge and proceeded to set up. Half-an-hour later he had a fair set-up, with two legs close to the cliff and the third resting on the edge of the ledge. He started to level up and the third leg slid over the cliff. The recorder was with him, and between the two they managed to keep the transit out of the creek. We quit and went home then. It was one of the bright spots in the life out there to see, and hear, the instrument man roll off a shaky set-up with his transit just after getting levelled up.

Another traverse was run around a lake, the shores of which rose perpendicularly 50 to 200 feet. Set-ups were made on trees which had fallen over into the lake and were held at the shore by their roots. On a windy day, when waves were fairly high, the transit man had an unenviable job.

The rodman has almost as difficult a time. He has a pack strapped to his back, and carries an axe and a folding 12-foot rod. If he comes to a cliff and has to climb it, he ties everything to him, holds his breath and takes a chance. If he is going down, it is best to throw down the rod and go down and get it.

Plane Table Work—Most of the difficulties were encountered here, since there were no claim lines or other lines of least resistance to follow. It was a case of go in and get the information.

The work was divided into two parts—(1) Alidade traverses; (2) Detail work.

Ordinarily, *i.e.*, in open country, the whole of the work is done by alidade. That was obviously impossible here, due to fog, rain, change in elevation, and most important, the fact that you couldn't see more than fifty feet through the bush. The alidade was used as much as possible, however, being used to map the transit lines, follow creeks, or claim lines not covered by the transit, and along the coast.

The tables used were 16x18 inches, being made as light and small as possible, in order to get them through the bush and up the slopes. When used the alidade was carried in a pack. Drawings were made on celluloid sheets instead of paper, since the paper could not have lasted five minutes in the rain.

Alidade Work—In addition to what has already been said, the following notes bear only on the alidade work.

The alidade was constructed especially for steep work. Ordinarily it read to 30 degrees, but by means of an attached bubble and vernier, also reading to 30 degrees, known as the level bubble, the table could be tilted and the angle of tilt measured by the level bubble. Thus a vertical angle of 60 degrees maximum could be read, which was rarely exceeded on actual work. If this level bubble was ever forgotten and left in camp, and a cliff was struck necessitating zig-zagging up or down to avoid exceeding a 30 degree angle, other bright spots in a surveyor's life were created.

Detail Work—For filling in between traverses, lines were run about 1,100 feet apart, tieing in to transit hubs at each end. The topography being mapped 200 feet each side of the line. Owing to the inability to use a telescope as before explained, the lines were run as follows: Starting from a transit hub a course was set for another hub. A man went ahead along this course, dragging a 300 feet tape, the other end being held by the instrument man. The chain was pulled taut, whereupon the head chainman began to yell. The instrument man sighted towards this yell along a straight-edge, and drew a line in that direction. He then travelled along the tape, taking simultaneous readings of tape and elevation. Tape readings, including distances between stations, were diminished by an amount sufficient to allow for the tape not being horizontal or correctly aligned, the diminished reading being recorded and plotted. Elevations were read on an aneroid, reading to ten feet. The contour interval was 50 feet. These readings were taken wherever there was a sudden change of elevation, in creek beds, and at similar important points.

The instrument man then set up at the end of the tape, and the operation was repeated till the further hub was reached. If necessary, before continuing, both men travelled out to either side of the line to get information required to fill in. This procedure was always necessary on a foggy day. The accuracy attained by this method after a little experience, was surprisingly good. Lines as long as 8,000 feet were run, two parties working in this way for half the Summer.

The difficulties attending this method may readily be surmised, when it is remembered that in order to get fairly decent results it is necessary for the head chainman to keep a straight course for 300 feet, this in face of the fact that he can never see more than 50 feet ahead, and has no idea whether he is going to land in a canyon, up against a cliff, or what. Needless to say, no 100-yard records were set. It often took half-an-hour to draw that tape out the full 300 feet.

As general notes bearing on the subject, the following two methods may be of interest, the one being used on some work near Revelstoke, B.C., and the other on some work in the Yukon.

In the first instance, contours were required at 250 feet intervals, the change in elevation being considerable. A man rode through the country on a bicycle, having a mark on the front wheel. By counting the revolutions of the wheel he computed the distance travelled, and took simultaneous readings of distance by this method and of elevation by an aneroid.

In the second case a wooden wheel was substituted for the bicycle, distances and elevation being measured as before. Direction was measured by compass. 980 miles of trail were surveyed by this method in one Summer.

By the use of the system described at Anyox, 9 square miles of surface were surveyed and mapped in 17 months, including 12 miles of coast line, about 15 islands of varying size, and numerous lakes and creeks. It is hoped that the points brought out will illustrate the object of the article, viz., to show the effect of practical conditions on theoretical methods.

Pharmacy in Manitoba

W. Lightbody, '18.

In the immediate past, to the eye of the general public, a street was a homogeneous aggregation of shops, where one might purchase the numerous articles, both of necessity and luxury. Each store had its specific wares, to be sure, yet the individual salesman, although he was the essence of efficiency, was not considered a professional man. He was one of the great army of shopmen who served an apprenticeship, and later, by his own efforts, might rise in the scale of business. To this multitudinous class did the pharmacist belong. It is true a certain short period was set apart as a college training when instruction was given in the theories governing chemistry, pharmocognosy and pharmacy. But the time was so short, that it scarcely was recognizable by the general public and he was, by then, denied the honor of a profession. The drug business as ordinarily conducted in America is not pharmacy, for the mercantile side of it has so debauched it and nearly crushed it out.

A shop which spends most of its energies on a lunch counter is not a drug store, neither is the requirement "Licensed Pharmacy" necessary to specialize in groceries or develop the confectionery lines. In emporiums of this kind, the quarters of the chemist are usually found in a cramped loft in the rear, "far from the madding crowd." A visitor to the store might go in, spend considerable time and money, take his departure, and easily overlook the fact that it was a drug store, having seen very little evidence of wares from which the shop derives its name.

If all were like this, what place in society would the pharmacist receive? Surely one that would be unnoticed, unheeded and undefined. In the earlier times our stores were called chemist shops, and justly so. No sidelines whatever, and the proprietor commanded a certain amount of professional respect. As time went on, the Occidental business ideas possessed our men, and through a wonderful evolution we have the product of today. The education of the chemist, who was to occupy the dispensary, of secondary importance, naturally was not what it should have been. In fact, before the laws became so strict, many dispensaries lacked qualified men, and consequently reduced the educational standard to that of a business counter.

But now, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." As in most walks of life, society at the present day demands experts, specialists, men who aim for the zenith of their profession. There is the demand that a man should know his work.

The public have become more sceptical, and think more independently, hence they are not too willing to accept your own verbal testimonials as to your qualifications, and if you cannot make good, then it is up to you to quit.

Pharmacy in Manitoba is being built with this as the fundamental idea, the pharmacist is to be a professional man and not merely a vendor of goods. We have come to believe that the occupation of pharmacy is truly a scientific-technical profession, worthy of the highest ambition. The best education obtainable in our Universities and Colleges cannot be regarded as too high for the practice of scientific pharmacy, for it but serves to arm the pharmacist for greater usefulness and achievements. Practising pharmacists with doctor's degrees in philosophy or medicines are not rare in Europe. The profession offers limitless opportunities for scientific research to all who are competent to do such work. Legitimate pharmacy will prevail because it is necessary to civilization. Hundreds of pharmacists are at last discovering that the true profession, completely divorced from mere trading in miscellaneous merchandise, is both practicable and profitable in every sense. They find that they can succeed better without dealing in quack nostrums, cigars, ice cream, and other articles foreign to pharmacy. They devote themselves to the preparation and dispensing of medicines on physician's prescriptions, and to such other technical work as they may be called upon to do. To do this business successfully requires only a small per cent. of the capital necessary to conduct the ordinary drug business. They are then rendering professional service. But to succeed well in such practice, the pharmacist must, of course, possess the education necessary to command confidence and respect as a truly professional man.

To this end, the training offered us in the University, has been laid. The College period has been doubled and new subjects added to the curriculum. It has been found that the average druggist knows very little of the theories of his practice, or the drugs which he makes use of. Should we not all be anxious to know all that is possible about our own work? A hobby is an ideal thing, and the first one to cultivate is a thorough knowledge of our life work. Then here, in our University, we are offered the opportunity.

Chemistry, which is the foundation of pharmacy, is very much in evidence. It is studied throughout both years of the course. This, of course, includes both inorganic and organic. Allied to chemistry, is physics, for one without the other is almost impossible. Then, in both years, we are given a lengthy and highly valuable course in theoretical and practical pharmacy. This takes up in detail all the methods and physical operations used in pharmacy, and a knowledge of preparations in general use. The study in this is quite inexhaustive.

So many of the important drugs are obtained from a botanical source, hence the necessity of studying botany, and this is merely a means to an end, for it leads to the vast study of *materia medica*, which requires a description of the plants and their chemical nature. Then there is the boundless study of prescriptions, which might be the goal sought in these other subjects. It includes many and various factors.

Since botany is a requisite, then mineralogy also has a place. Here we learn of the minerals, drugs, their identification and physical properties. Medicine, being used on animal life, it is deemed necessary to know something of the bodies acted upon. Hence biology is introduced, which in turn leads to physiology. In this a very instructive course is given, including some practical work. Then as a natural outcome of this, we are given an introduction to biochemistry. There seems no end to the study required, yet we are the benefactors, and directly or indirectly society will, in turn, be benefitted. For we know that unless the pharmacist possesses that education which enables him to know his duty, and faithfully perform that duty as he sees it, he fails to carry out his part of the contract between him and the people, by virtue of which he acquired the right to practice his profession.

We, in Manitoba, look into the future with optimism, and can justly feel proud to belong to the highly honorable profession of pharmacy, which our instructors and council have done so much to elevate.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE NIGHT

Everybody admits that the production of plays entails an amount of work and worry, only partly made up by the fun. Yet in spite of that, all who took part in the annual ordeal of the Dramatic Society feel that it was worth while. The plays were well acted, well staged; they were full of vigor, often lacking in amateur productions. All that those behind the footlights could do was done, and done well; yet there was something lacking.

The audience was composed mainly of friends of the University and students, either alone or together, and they seemed to find something painfully humorous in seeing their every-day acquaintances as actors, and could hardly restrain their mirth. This worked in well with the fun of "The Neighbors," though it caused the pathos to be misinterpreted. In the case of "Sabotage," however, the result was unfortunate; the audience insisted on laughing at the most intense moments, and the players, especially Miss Brownstone, deserve great credit for playing up as they did. "The Twelve-Pound Look" was received in a better spirit, but the peculiar beauty of the "Golden Doom" failed to find an answering reponse in the breasts of a few yahoos out without a keeper, who interjected distracting remarks at opportune moments.

But, after all, what's the odds? The student spirit of levity failed to spoil the plays; we repeat, they were very, very good; and it found more fitting expression in songs and yells between the acts. Class yells in various keys floated from various parts of the house, while the dear old "Iji" fairly raised the roof. We are not prejudiced, but we think it had the efforts of "sister" Colleges beaten to a frazzle. Long may it echo at productions of similar excellence!

"Sock and Buskin"

Being the Few Humble Remarks of a Youthful and Inexperienced Freshette on University Dramatics in General, Our Own in Particular

By Mary Monteith, '20

No one was more completely surprised on University Theatre night than I, an ignorant little Freshette, who, I must confess, went because everybody else was going, and there was "sure to be some fun." I was not disappointed—there was some fun!

I expected the plays to be very amateur, somewhat after the style of those given at a country high school concert, or at a church social. I thought there were going to be some "dialogues," and perhaps a "recitation" or two. I was agreeably surprised, however, as I sat tense throughout "Sabotage," laughed heartily throughout "The Neighbors" and Barrie's little play, and was struck with awe—or was it *awe* exactly?—at "The Golden Doom." You ask, "What does a mere Freshie know about dramatics, anyway?" Not very much, I admit, but I do know a good thing when I see it, and on the night of February 23rd I certainly saw a good thing.

The students, without doubt, made quite a name for themselves. All were in fine trim and everything went off "with a bang." With very few exceptions the persons chosen for the several parts were extremely capable, and some showed real talent. Miss Brownstone especially, if I may mention names, approached something near to professionalism in her role as "Angele." Altogether, to use the effective words of a prominent citizen, as he buttoned his coat at the close of the performance, "They made a durned good showing."

Everybody must have realized, as it all went off without a hitch, that there was some source of untiring energy behind the scenes. It was a happy thought that prompted the bringing of Mrs. C. P. Walker before the curtain. She, in short, was the source. Her praise is being sung by all the students, especially by those belonging to the Dramatic Society. Without doubt Mrs. Walker deserves all the nice things that have been said about her—and more. She has been the heart of the society. Not only did she help in the selection of the plays, the coaching of the young actors, the arranging of scenery and costumes, but she even saw to it that the make-up was "on straight" and, as a crowning touch, composed the dainty little choruses which were so artistically rendered by Miss Jones-Smith.

Our Dramatic Society introduced the one-act play into Winnipeg. For the first time a program consisting of one-act plays only was given to a Winnipeg audience. This fact, seemingly trivial, is really quite important for us, because it is already admitted that there is a great future for the one-act play. Just as the short story is gradually replacing the novel, so the one-act play is gradually replacing the longer type.

The University Dramatic Society, I am told, has done excellent work in the past, and we all wish it to go on and accomplish even greater work in the future. This it is possible, but first we must get rid of some of the limitations in the present system. One very grave limitation is in its organization. It is not democratic. It is not fairly representative of the student body. I have asked several students who took part in the plays and who were, therefore, supposed to be members of the society, about the present organization, and the reply invariably was, "Oh, I really don't know anything about that!" If the society members know nothing of the organization it stands to reason that they can do very little to advance the cause of dramatics in the University.

Another limitation lies in the membership. This year there were only enough members to fill the different casts. Surely this should not be the case. The fault lies, I think, partly with the students and partly with the society itself, as it is at present constituted. The students are to blame in that they do not avail themselves of the opportunity to become members, in spite of the fact that membership is open to everybody, and entails no special obligation. With the society itself the fault lies in the fact that there is nothing to interest the student who does not wish actually to take part in one of the plays. You ask how these faults can be remedied. Easily enough. Look at the work being done in other organizations similar to our own.

One dramatic society in the South stimulates the interest of its members by giving a series of lectures on modern drama and methods of production. These lectures are largely attended, and add greatly to the success of the society. Another University society in the States offers prizes for student productions. This year twelve one-act plays have been put on by the dramatic society of North Dakota University, all of which were written by the students themselves. One student, in fact, not only wrote the play, but also painted the scenery and acted the principal part himself. Other dramatic societies have done these things successfully—why shouldn't ours? With such talent as was displayed on the nights of February 23rd and 24th, our University Dramatic Society, with a few alterations, ought to have—and I am sure will have—a great future.

Soph.—"What time is it?"

Freshie—"Half past."

Soph.—"Half past what?"

Freshie—"I dunno. It's stopped."

(And the jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.)

Freshman—"Gee! I had an awful fright yesterday."

Soph.—"Yes, I know. I saw you talking to her on Sherbrooke street.

THE MANITOBAN

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Editorial

The life of the student is made memorable by the little successes and the bright achievements in which he has taken some part during his College days. Many a student of the University of Manitoba will be pleased to recall a dramatic role assigned and studied and enacted under the auspices of the Dramatic Society. And his mind will revert perforce to the memory of a somewhat mature little lady, a bundle of energy, and quick, unfailing judgment, and with a fine capacity for quick decisions, but withal, an "artist to her finger tips."

Mrs. C. P. Walker

None knows better than the students themselves how inadequately a bunch of flowers, or a speech before the curtain, or a formal letter, or an editorial, expresses the feeling of indebtedness, and the sense of gratitude which is shared by the students in general, and by the members of the Dramatic Society in particular, when they remember Mrs. Walker's contribution to the successful production of plays this year, and in years previous. But inadequate as these expressions may be, they are, unfortunately, the only means at our disposal. Our hope is, and we admit its selfishness, that we may be honored with her presence at rehearsals for seasons yet to come.

□ □ □ □

And that reminds us that the Friday night audience was criticized for "laughing in the wrong place." One man in the audience, a critic whose rating in the city is of a very high order, told another man who sat next him that Winnipeg audiences all have that bad habit. Certainly student audiences are strongly disposed to see jokes where no joke is meant. As a consequence, the Friday night audience has come in for some pretty strong censure.

"Laughing in the Wrong Place"

Something might be said with regard to the situation. There is something anomalous in a playwright or a group of players making demands of an audience. If an audience laughs in the wrong place it is probably because the audience can't help it. Ridiculous things are bound to occur occasionally. What can an audience do when an actor playing the part of a dead man is suddenly overcome with a desire to sneeze? Amateur actors, moreover, must not be too exacting, too hard on their audiences.

□ □ □ □

On the other hand, there is almost sure to be some half-grown boy in an audience like the one mentioned, who goes to the theatre with a determination to be "smart." There is nothing especially clever in a playgoer's calling out remarks of a personal and offensive kind to young actors who are doing their very best under difficulties sufficiently numerous to make it unnecessary to multiply them. There is an etiquette in listening as there is in speaking and, evidence is not wanting that there are a few of our own students who should read it up. A wholesome sense of fair play is the only thing required, after all. Some men are born with it. Others learn it from experience. A few are unfortunate enough never to get it at all. Society expects it from a man of training and education.

The "Funny" Guy

□ □ □ □

All of which brings to mind another interesting little criticism, to wit, that *The Twelve Pound Look* should never have been presented by young students in an amateur performance. Of course, the popular censorship of plays is often a wholesome thing, especially when applied to the work of amateurs. But who in the world would have thought that anyone, no matter how discriminating or puritan in taste, could have urged any objection to the little Barrie play. There was nothing in setting, dialogue, or theme that could be regarded as unfit by the most critical. If there was a shady element in the plot it was antecedent to the main action of the play, and even at that could be objected to only by the most dogmatic purist. Surely a dramatic society of a modern University should be allowed a little latitude in choosing plays. The difficulties are so many as it is that it seems a little unfair to impose restrictions of such a kind on the small group of interested ones upon whom rests the task of selecting from the host of dramatic works a play that will meet the requirements of the occasion.

The Popular Censor

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Our attention is being drawn on page 71 to the matter of the Year Book. If Mr. Maybank's statement be correct, then there exists a rather serious situation, and one that reflects on the student body—not the student body as a whole, but on those students who authorized with enthusiasm this year's issue, but whose support is only enthusiasm and nothing more. That the above statement is correct we do not for a moment doubt. It would be *some* eyeopener were the names of the registered students published who have not ordered their copies. Such a drastic measure would most likely be received with a storm of indignation and a volume of excuses. But such would not benefit the Year Book a nickel. How glad we should be could we deny the statement, but we cannot deny it. However we never for a moment doubted the loyalty of the whole student body until now, and we trust that now attention is drawn to the matter everybody concerned will come forward and support those whom they have chosen to do this work for them. Surely the poorest student

The Students' Year Book

among us can afford two dollars for a book whose value and importance cannot be overestimated as a record of the year's work, and the best possible souvenir of University days.

Just think. There are forty *Art* students who have refused to subscribe, two in the Fourth Year, four in the Third Year, actually nineteen among the Sophomores and fifteen in the First Year. And we thought these youngsters had caught the University spirit and were loyal! Well, well, it makes one blush to write it. We blush for those whose names are on the list with a blank opposite. Seeing, however, is believing. We also count up eighteen Medical Matrics, sixteen Engineers, and 6 on the Pharmacy list, all holding back. What do they think of themselves compared with the loyal number of students, and the professors, also loyal to a man? We do not want to shame them from returning next year. Surely at least those who urged the project for this year and those delinquents who are leaders and actually head that list, will save the situation. Here, then, is a plain unvarnished statement of fact. We plead in placing the case before you for fair play. You and I gave our committee the job. "Obligations were entered into with business firms, which obligations involve the whole student body—and through that body, the University itself," to quote from Mr. Maybank's article. And how about next year and next again, if we fail these business men? *You young students, think, and look ahead.* This matter can yet be remedied—it is not too late. Place your order at once. The responsibility is now yours and mine—the committee only—our agents

DEBATING

The Arts interclass debating series has taken one more step towards a decision since *The Manitoban* last went to press. A three cornered tie remained at the beginning of the year. The executive determined to decide the contest in two debates by granting one year a "bye." Second year proved lucky. Juniors and Freshies met on Monday, February 12th, to thrash out the question whether Winnipeg should adopt the commission form of government. The Juniors were represented by Miss Noresworthy and Miss Moody, and the Freshies by Miss Stuart and Miss Trescott.

It was one of the best debates since the series started, and although the Freshies made a valiant effort the Juniors won.

The next debate will be between Juniors and Sophs for the championship and ought to prove most interesting.

The next event in the line of public speaking is the oratorical contest. The University gives a gold and silver medal for first and second respectively. It is open to all registered for instruction in the University. Those wishing to take part will please hand in name and subject to Miss E. Greer ('19) or W. Tucker ('17).

EXCHANGES

We regret very much that we overlooked receipt of *The 'Varsity*, the undergraduate newspaper of the University of Toronto. We take this opportunity of assuring our friends in Toronto that we have received the *'Varsity* regularly and have appreciated its interesting columns.

"FORTITER IN VERBUM"

Doc. Brush did tell us tales of noble strain.
He touched on France and on immortal Spain.
He spoke at length of Cervantes' vaunted works;
He made us smile and laugh with quips and quirks.
But ne'er a word of Arts did he emit.
Oh wise man he. He did as he saw fit.
But mention of their exploits need we none;
Their sorry fame is spread from sun to sun.
"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away."
Oh! all the world for that same smile to-day,
For these conceited loons and windy frauds
Are enough to rouse the laughter of the gods.
Behold the Fourth Year 'pon a lame old cob,
Go jouncing forth to fool the unwily mob!
Covered from crown to toe with gall and brass,
And chased by clubs, like Sancho and his ass.
Their hobby-horse "Delusion"—what a joke!
They say 'twas love that drove the Don insane;
Not so of Fourth Year Arts—'twas love of gain!
So if they *must* be nutty, then I say,
Expose their antics now and save the day.

By "Hy."

Dr. Crawford (*in Second Year English*)—The cock crows a little before daybreak, the lark even earlier.

"Shocking"

The morning mail was a little book entitled, "Electricity at Two Days' Notice," and Isador Ana Nix studied it with unusual care for a straight hour, then, tilting his chair back, stared at the blank walls of the shop for a seemingly indefinite period. Mr. Nix was thinking. Mr. Nix thought a great deal of his time—probably the most. And what's more, when I. A. Nix got through his thinking, something always happened. He was an inventor and a genius. In scientific matters he was the absolute authority—even a greater authority than Professor Alrong, the short, stout, bewhiskered professor of all science in Slepy College. Although the professor doubted Mr. Nix's versatility in the arts and crafts, Mr. Nix himself said the professor was only jealous. For as an inventor Mr. Nix had achieved great success. True, his patent corkscrew had never drawn a cork, but it had made a very fair hatpin and he had disposed of it as such for a most dignified sum. His patent pump flatly refused to perform the duty for which it had been originally designed, but it turned out to be an excellent churn.

As Mr. Nix abstractedly "built castles in Spain" on the bare wall in front of him, he knitted his brows after the manner of all genuises when concentrating their minds on some great and suddenly discovered phenomenon. Mr. Nix was thinking as usual. The thing that immersed him so deep in thought was a sentence which he had just read. "Static electricity may be generated by rubbing together two such substances as resin and fur." Little did Isador realize that his tumbling for this piece of elementary science would later revolutionize conversation throughout the civilized world, and focus on himself the fierce limelight of international publicity.

Mr. Nix was a union man, so, when the whistle of Iona Ford's feed mill sounded the noon hour, Isador started for a well-earned lunch. But fate had spoken; it had already mapped out his course of action; strange and inexplicable things were now to happen. The psychological moment has arrived—a large black cat walks across the threshold.

Mr. Nix was lost in mathematical contemplation for a full minute, then he slowly shoved his thumbs into his lower vest pockets, at the same time yelling, "It's Jack J.!—By heck, I'm gonner try it."

He ran to his bench and after groping about in a bushel—more or less—of nails, spools, string, watch wheels and all the other odd pieces such a genius loves to assemble around him, Isador ultimately laid hands on a large chunk of resin; and then, picking up the unsuspecting Jack J.—so called because of his record as champion pugilist of the backyard fence—he placed the cat on the bench. Slowly the hair of the cat's back began to rise, as Mr. Nix softly stroked it. The size of the beast was increasing rapidly, and when this condition had almost reached the limits of safety—Jack J., now twice his normal size—Mr. Nix reached for a piece of copper wire and with his left hand wound one end around a water pipe near by. The experiment has reached its climax. Will it work? He shoves the wire closer and closer to the cat's nose—z—z—zip, a violent crackel rends the air, as a bright blue, wavy flame traces its way from the wire to Jack J.'s nose, and Jack J., with a wild howl of anguish, leaped fully seven feet in the air—hits the floor with a thud, and bounds out through the open door.

After tabulating the results of this research experiment and calculating the result, he erects a mysterious structure behind his shop and only a few of his chosen followers were informed of its real purpose, and they swore to keep it in dead silence. In fact, these men, having paid ten dollars apiece to Mr. Nix, constituted the stockholders and initial board of directors of the "Nix Light and Power Company." Their plan of organization was broad and capacious. The Nix Light and Power Company was to be the nucleus of hundreds of similar plants which would rapidly spring up all over the country. Mr. Nix assured its directors that it should control all the other companies that would inevitably be formed when they had demonstrated the success of this company.

The new power plant consisted of a box hardly larger than a piano box. It was elevated or rather insulated from the ground by glass knobs specially imported for the purpose—from the neighboring telegraph poles. The floor and walls were coated with pine resin and a "plurality of cats" or rather, to be more technical, "units," which, coming in contact with the resin, would generate electricity, which would be conveyed by suitable high tension lines to various consumers within a radius of thirty miles, and possibly to the Street Railway and Light Company in the city, one hundred miles distant. Iona Ford, the organizing genius of the directorate, saw the possibilities of a cat-producing company, and at once started to make a collection of cats.

It took some hard hustling on the part of the directorate—unknowingly they had to compete with Mr. I. Ford—to secure thirty cats from backyard fences and carry them to Mr. Nix's shop, but they did it. That evening all was ready, and Mr. Nix made thirty trips to and from his power house. Each trip to the plant included one cat, which was deposited in the power house in accordance with specifications. Mr. Nix made his last trip. He opened the door and dropped in Unit No. 30, then listened—to the dead silence. He slowly paced back to the shop and was awakened from sound thinking by the snoring of Jack J. With a wild scramble he clutched him and dashed to his plant, depositing him therein. Hardly had he dropped this "exciter," this hero of a thousand back fence encounters, into that dark and noticeably silent pit than things began to happen. Such a bedlam of yawlings and catermaulings had never been heard. The plant was in operation.

The next morning President Nix and the directors of the Nix Light and Power Company conducted themselves through the crowd of curious citizens gathered about the generating station. The constant hiss that proceeded from the aforesaid plant clearly indicated that the producing or generating action was still in process. With much trepidation they mounted the ladder and looked down into the generating room. Thirty-one cats, each of them the size of a beer keg, were fighting in one grand royal battle. Their hair stood out straight and sparks constantly

flashed over their dully luminous bodies. The crackling noise of electrical discharges and the peculiar smell of ozone awed the directors.

"Gentlemen, we are now all millionaires," said President Nix, as he lowered himself into the generating room. He picked up one of the units and handed it to Iona Ford for further examination, but the unit did not propose to be examined; sinking its claws well imto the flesh of Iona's face, it strenuously applied a downward force. Then with a loud, furious sputtering it leaped to the ground. Just what happened at this moment no one was ever able to clearly explain. Iona Ford described it by comparison to the sudden eruption of a volcano, while other spectators on recovering consciousness asked if the earthquake was all over. But Mr. Nix, with the calm, well-balanced head of a born investigator, believed neither of these theories. He saw the cat as it touched the ground—saw the sudden flash of blue flame—heard the deafening report—saw one unit disappear in a cloud of smoke and afterwards identified all that was found of the late unit, a small patch of fur about the size of a button probably an ear.

Mr. Nix soon became aware of a strange and startling phenomena—his hair and whiskers stood out from his head and face like the quills of a porcupine. Mr. I. Ford was similarly affected.

"Don't touch the ground, Iona," Nix fairly shrieked. "If you do you'll blow up like that cat did. We're charged with millions of volts."

The two men looked around for assistance, but all the crowd, including the remaining members of the directorate, had fled to the haven of safety and gossip, the post office. Everything was in a turmoil of excitement. All sorts of rumors hummed through the air and the telegraph keys ticked them broadcast over the world. By noon the city "extras" told of the terrible catastrophe, giving sketches illustrating the ruins as viewed by the special artist on the ground. All day long the two electrified men cowed in the generating room. A safe distance away a curious crowd gathered. No one dared venture near the trap, and it was generally decided that the two unfortunate victims would eventually starve to death or be eaten alive by the thirty mad cats—also slightly hungry. During the afternoon special correspondents from the great city dailies came in on every train, and camera men turned the crank, reeling off miles of pictures showing the "death shed." Towards evening it was discovered—more by accident than by actual investigation—that the casualties so far were one cat dead and two men electrified but still living.

Professor Alrong arrived at noon the next day and suggested passing the two marooned men their meal at the end of a glass rod, and in this way the danger of starving was entirely dispelled or at least till such time as the sport of balancing a dish of food at the end of a glass rod lost its novelty. In the generating room it was well nigh insufferable. The constant electrical discharges made both men and animals in a vicious humor. It must be said, however, that Mr. Nix made a real attempt to bear the strain with the fortitude of a martyr to science; but the unhappy Iona Ford displayed no such courage, for he had a wife and family of ten children and he wanted to get out.

That afternoon Professor Alrong, from a safe distance, called out that they might—perhaps—save themselves by wearing rubber boots; but to try the idea on a cat first. In this suggestion Mr. Nix saw a ray of hope, and Iona Ford was so happy that he offered his stock in the company to Mr. Nix for a mere song. The offer was refused because Mr. Nix was not very interested in financial matters at the moment.

Next morning the glass rod conveyed a large sheet of rubber, and Mr. Nix at once set about fashioning a pair of insulated shoes for Jack J. They were soon completed, and fifty thousand morbid spectators that had arrived from all parts of the continent breathlessly watched the experiment. Rubber shod, the cat was dropped to the ground. It survived. Professor Alrong, realizing the awful blunder he had made, grabbed up a megaphone from a backer of one of the numerous side shows that had set up their tents everywhere. He addressed the multitude. He told them that Jack J. was at large, charged with over a million volts of electricity, and that contact with him could but mean one thing—death. By evening the railroads had deported half a hundred train loads of refugees, and save for a handful of people who had rubber boots the streets of the village were deserted.

Rubber alone could protect against the deadly menace of Jack J. A thoughtless humanitarian, Mr. B. Still, made rubber boots for his three dogs. One of the dogs that very afternoon spied Jack J. and set sail for him, and although the two only rubbed noses, the dog became charged with this deadly pressure. To make matters worse, when this dog came home and lay down with his two companions they also received the charge. So with one electrical cat and three electrical dogs in the town no one but the foolhardy dared venture abroad. A number of casualties occurred during the next twenty-four hours. Along about eleven in the evening one dog made contact with a lamp post, fusing it off with the ground, and the gas becoming ignited a geyser of flame shot hundreds of feet heavenward. The dog died. Later another of the dogs ran up against a wire fence, killing twenty head of stock some four miles away. This dog also died. At dawn there was a terific explosion on the outskirts of the town. The shock was felt in an observatory two hundred miles distant, while all the window panes in the town were shattered to atoms. The real cause of this will never be known, but it is believed to have been the last round of a fight in which Jack J. participated, at least he has never been seen since, and today only a pathetic crater marks his probable last battle field.

The remaining dog was handed over to Professor Alrong for experimental purposes. He used a condenser on it and within a week the pressure of the dog had dropped nearly eight thousand volts, and then the animal was further discharged by connecting him up in series with the arc-lamp system, which he maintained in a splendid effulgence of over three hundred candle power for a period of twenty-seven hours and six minutes before running down.

Now Mr. Nix and Iona Ford are living on two galvometeric piles in the research laboratory of Sleepy College. At present their potential is dropping twenty volts each day. Professor Alrong suggested that they take a life lease on their seats.

GEOLOGICAL STUDENTS' MEETINGS

The weekly meetings of the Geological students have proven very popular, not only with the students following the degree course, but also with the evening extension classes held by the department of Geology.

At the second meeting Dr. Wallace discussed "The Supply of Metals for the War."

Dr. Wallace outlined the position in which the allies and our enemies found themselves at the beginning of the war, with reference to the essential metals for munition purposes and emphasized the significance, from this point of view, of the westward push of the Germans into the iron fields of Belgium and Lorraine. He dealt with the various metals in detail, more particularly with the sources of supply of copper, nickel and manganese, in which metals the Central Empires were in danger of shortage; and of zinc, of which there was a serious shortage in Britain at the beginning of the war, owing to the very anomalous situation.

A large part of the zinc supply comes from Australia, but the control has passed into the hands of Germany, and practically all the refining was done, before the war, in that country and in Belgium. When war broke out, conditions could not be changed at once, hence the shortage.

After reviewing all the sources of supply of metals, Dr. Wallace drew the conclusion that, as far as known, conditions of shortage of metals have been met on both sides to such a degree that we cannot consider the possibilities of shortage in any one metal to be a serious factor in any estimation of the possible duration of the war.

The third meeting was addressed by A. W. W. Cooke, who took as his subject, "Gypsum in Canada." Mr. Cooke described the occurrence of this mineral and its production in each of the Provinces of the Dominion, laying special stress on its occurrence in our own Province, where it forms an extremely important product.

The fourth meeting was addressed by A. A. McCoubrey on the subject, "Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks."

At the fifth meeting, Mr. R. Hugo discussed "Copper Smelting," an extremely interesting subject at the present juncture, in view of the development that is taking place and will take place in the near future, in the Northern part of our Province.

GIRL'S HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL

Found! A University Girls' Hockey Team. At last seven girls who can stand up on skates and who aren't afraid to hold hockey sticks, have stepped forward, and already two games have been played off. The first was a challenge game with Wesley, in the Arena rink. We hate to mention the score—10-0 in Wesley's favor! Since then practices have been in full swing, with Mr. Knott ('20) as coach. On Thursday the girls again faced Wesley, this time at the Winnipeg. Despite the professional sweaters, we managed to keep the score down to 0-0 the first half. In the second half Alice Qually, amid great excitement, almost secured a goal, but not quite, and time found the score 3-0 in Wesley's favor.

'Varsity again beat Wesley at basketball. The girls have an unbroken record of successes.

CURLING

The Faculty curlers received their first reverse of the season when they met the Portigal-Levin aggregations at the Granite Club on Thursday, March 1. The games were closely contested, as the score indicates, the students breaking away in the last few ends and winning by a margin of 5 points on the total score—27-22.

The teams lined up as follows:

Students	*Faculty*
Morrison	Dr. Heinzelmann
Tucker	Mr. McDonald
N. Zimmerman	Professor Parker
S. Portigal, skip	Dr. Clarke, skip
Gordon	Mr. Spence
Treble	Mr. Moffat
Shinbane	Dr. Joliffe
Levin, skip	Professor Tier, skip

Hog Shots

Mr. Spence "registered" some beautiful shots.

Levin gave way to "a tear" (Professor Tier).

Mr. McDonald's shots will go down into the annals of "history."

Professor Parker knew the "science" of the game.

Professor Heinzelmann's playing was "navel."

Dr. Joliffe to Dr. Clarke: "*Nil desperandum.*"

Mr. Moffat built up many good "houses."

Dr. Clarke made a perfect "draw" when he secured the ice for a return game, *gratis*.

Portigal drew many narrow "ports."

INTERCHANGE-LECTURESHIP

Dean French, of the University of North Dakota, visited us in Winnipeg, in connection with the Interchange-Lectureship at present in operation between North Dakota and Manitoba Universities. He delivered a brilliant lecture to the members of the Faculty and student body of the University in the Assembly Room of the Arts Building on Kennedy Street. The subject of the visitor's address was "The Three Ingredients of the World's Medicine" and his treatment of the subject was decidedly popular rather than technical. The lecture was attended by practically the whole University Faculty, and a very large part of the student body. After the lecture a reception and informal luncheon was given by the Faculty in honor of Dr. and Mrs. French, at which the wives of the University professors were present.

Introducing his subject, Dr. French outlined the progress of medicine through the three stages of superstition, philosophy and science. These three, he stated, were the important elements in the development of the practice of medicine from the earliest times. Medicine was born in superstition, the earlier peoples believing that disease and the cure of disease was in some way connected with supernatural agencies. Even in the present day the practice of medicine is warped by superstition, and there is perhaps no physician who does not meet frequently a demand on the part of his clients for cures that are based on magic rather than common sense.

The philosophical development in medicine began when men turned to plants and animals, from which they derived potions for the cure of diseases. Much, however, in this stage of the development of medicine was mere speculation and based on fortunate premises. Many weird theories of medicine were evolved, in which fire, air, iron, earth and water, as well as plants plucked in certain seasons or hours of the night took a large place. One of these theories the Dean declared was responsible for more deaths than the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars combined. He mentioned one combination, a panacea for all ills, which contained as many as 65 ingredients.

He declared that the modern world is not free entirely from these speculative ideas. As instances he cited cases that he had met in which people had declared to him that rheumatism had been cured by carrying a small potato in the pocket, that whooping cough was cured by the use of leaves taken from the trees just before they had fallen, that a tomato would cure cancer, and that whisky was good for snake bite.

Acknowledging our debt to the past, we have nevertheless, advanced greatly. The length of life has increased from the average of 24 years to an average of more than forty. Modern medicine had made the Panama Canal possible. He stated interesting facts in connection with tuberculosis and its treatment. Although the modern study of the disease began about fifty years ago, the bacillus having been discovered only in 1882, yet in the last thirty years the death rate from its disease has fallen 50 per cent among the Western peoples.

In closing, the professor predicted great changes in the work of the medical practice during the next twenty-five years, and held out the hope that much development would be realized in the direction of socializing the profession.

Campus Notes

GENERAL NOTES

'17 CLASS

"Only another month to roam." Only now are we aware how deeply attached we are to our University. Former Grads' Farewells had no special significance for us, but now that it is our turn to go—and it has come so quickly—a flood of tender memories roll over the soul, and the thought that we shall be away so soon fills us with sadness. However, we are reconciled to the inevitable; we are but following after the goodly band who have played so worthy a part in life, and we trust that we may, like them, uphold the traditions of Manitoba University. We feel there is much devolving upon us respecting our Alma Mater.

Blended with that feeling of sadness is a conscious respect—indeed, love—for our professors and teachers, gratitude for the privilege of a university training, and the consciousness of a strength and development which will enable us to stand on our own legs without crutch or stick or any such support. And if spared to render a life of service to our fellows may old age reveal the picture of a Darby and Joan walking arm in arm along the pathway of life in a reminiscent mood rehearsing the experiences of the days when each was a member of the '17 Class.

—

Discussing Evelyn Hope in the Browning Class

Eva is much puzzled over the thought that if she uses up two husbands in this life which of them will claim her in the next.

—

Mr. Muller in the French class to Sam—"If you were in Paris in a fashionable restaurant what would you order?"

Sam—"Des crapeaux, monsieur."

Mr. M.—"Grace à Dieu! Each one has his own taste."

—

What was the meaning of that uncontrollable fit of laughter when Prof. C. asked about Miss Th——n, and John G—d—n replied that he had just seen her outside?

—

Marion B. to Eva M., hard at work preparing for the social evening—"Oh, dear, I wish I was in heaven, I've worked so hard to-day."

Eva—"If you were there you would be at it day and night."

'18 CLASS

Heard at a Physiology Lecture

Professor Vincent to Miss Smith—"When do you think man first heard his heart beat?"

Miss Smith (looking very wise)—"Oh, about two hundred years ago.

Professor Vincent (laughing)—Oh! I think old Adam heard his heart go pit-a-pat when he first gazed on Eve.

—

Professor Vincent to Shinbane—"How would you illustrate to a popular audience the sound of the heart beat?

Shinny (perplexed)—Oh, I guess I'd pull a cork out of a bottle.

Professor Vincent—No! No! You'd be buoying up your audience on false hopes.

—

Miss Bulman now declares she's not afraid of frogs or mice or anything else. So science progresses.

The chief item on the menu at Zoology department last week was Dogfish steak a la Triggerson. Miss Bulman thought it was so delicious she would have it served at the Grad's farewell banquet.

—

The Juniors are again in line for the interclass debating championship. They will defend the trophy won last year against the world-beating Sophs in the final debate to be held in the near future. God save the Sophs.

—

The Right Honorable Arthur Nobody-Home Sweet has not been heard from lately. It is rumored that his affliction of sweldheadedness has been slightly overcome, since the return of his famous work on the Binomial Theorem (in six volumes), from the publishers, marked "N.G."

—

It All Happened in One Act

Roy Fraser (mumbling to himself)—"The stars have spoken."

Friend—"What did they say, Roy? Speak up, we'll not give you away."

Roy—"The stars have spoken."

Friend—"Call the Chief Prophet."

(entering)

The Chief Prophet—"What's the trouble?"

Roy (very solemn)—"The stars have spoken and may speak again on the pass lists, so get ye to work."

All (in unison)—"The stars will speak."

—

In the Senior Chemical Laboratory.

Sweet—"You poor simps, you don't know what your talking about. Let me explain it."

Sweet (lying on the floor with somebody or other sitting on his chest)—"Call the doctor quick!"

Enter Dr. Magee (the famous "Nut" specialist). After a thorough examination he prescribes two minutes under the water tap every half hour, till permanently cured.

—

We must make mention here of an incident which we should head "Poor Sportsmanship." It happened at a curling game. The score was a tie, and the game very exciting. The skip missed the winning rock. Immediately the opposite team (Wesley) cheered and jeered the poor chap, and made great sport of him. Modest winners, indeed! What worse can there be than a poor loser? A poor winner. Hats off to Wesley! Many will also remember a football game last year when the Wesley team refused to give our boys a cheer at the close of the game! Ah, but what's the use?

—

We must report another occurrence for which we shall let you make the heading. The other day a certain person was called upon and asked to contribute to a certain University organization endorsed by the whole student body, as well as by the Faculty. "Oh! I belong to Wesley, you see." We saw alright! We saw!

—

The Scientific Society

On Monday evening, February 5th, Mr. C. W. Lowe, M.Sc., gave an exceptionally good paper on "The Flora of Manitoba." The paper was accompanied by a great number of slides which covered the majority of the great variety of plants in our Province. Mr. Lowe has been investigating the flora of Manitoba for upwards of three years, and the slides shown were made at different times in his researches. His answering of various questions at the close of the paper showed his mastery in the subject. Refreshments, prepared by the lady members of the society, were served at the close of the meeting. All voted this the most successful meet yet held.

—

On Saturday evening, February 24th, the Scientific Society again met at the Broadway building. The paper was given by Mr. G. N. Gowanlock, who chose for his subject a topic very dear to him, "The Birds of Manitoba." Mr. Gowanlock, who has made a study of the bird life of Manitoba, gave a very creditable paper. A number of colored slides and an exhibit of various birds added much to the lecture.

—

Class '18, Third Year

Professor—"Well, has our model of industry done any Zoology during Bonspiel?"

Shinbane (sadly)—"If Dr. Boyd asks me to tell him about curling I may get a 1A standing, but if he quizzes me on the frog, I may be skipped (on the pass lists).

—

Chief Chemist A.H.S. (censored) recently thrilled a large and select audience of scientists with an excellently prepared paper on "Nitrogen Fixation." His worthy examples have stimulated the occupants of the Senior Chemical Laboratory to such an extent that Physiologist Magee is now seriously considering the publication of a work entitled, "Advanced Methods for the Fixation of Sweet."

—

'19 CLASS NOTES

Dr. Joliffe—"You girls shouldn't let every Tom, Dick and Harry call you by your first name." (Turning to the boys) "don't dare flirt with these participles and go calling them by their first names."

—

Through the medium of this column we wish to thank those members of the class who kindly appeared before the Walker stage curtain on Friday night. The act was brief but won deserved applause.

—

Mr. Muller (*after waiting several minutes for an answer from a young lady*)—"Oh! these girls; they make me sick (*raising his hand to his head*) nobody home. Young gentlemen can you help me out?

—

We always acknowledged having a number of freaks in this class but an eater of raw potatoes is a new discovery.

—

Professor Martin—"Now, if you are really ready we will begin."

Young Lady (absent mindedly)—All right, my dear!"

—

Where is that Freshman hockey team we used to hear so much about?

—

Barbour (trying to pull one on Murray)—"Say, Jack, do you think that if Virgil had given the '19 yell he would have been Ho-race?

Murray—"I am absolutely certain Ov-id (it)."

(The above is printed by special request so don't blame the editor.)

The girls have some kind of a function scheduled for Tuesday night. The Full Moon artists have nearly all signified their intention of being present and many of the other boys are planning to go. It is not necessary to wait till the event takes place to secure the write-up, and the usual formula will doubtless suffice. "A pleasant evening" will doubtless be spent, "cards and dancing" will be enjoyed by all, games will follow the dancing, refreshments will be daintily served, the party will break up at a late hour, and the president will eat his usual amount.

—

Dr. —— (*in Biology*)—Distinguish between plants and animals?

Sophomore—Plants are green; animals, of course, are not—except of course, er—um—Freshmen.—*Ex.*

—

The Borsalino Hat is sold by Calhoun and worn everywhere—*Adv.*

FRESHMEN

The Seniors' Tea

The '20 girls were honored by the presence of the august Seniors at a Valentine tea on Wednesday afternoon, February 14th. The dignity of the Fourth Year girls did not seriously impair their appetites nor mar their enjoyment of the program prepared by the talented Freshettes. Each guest read her fortune from the depths of her heart, and also delivered an impromptu speech. So far, no ill effects have been noticed among the Seniors, and the Freshies fully realized that it is just as blessed to give as to receive.

—

Some Sophomore Ambitions

J—u A—n—s—First hairdresser to the Duchess of Devonshire.

J—k M—a—y—Poet Laureate in the Sandwich Islands.

H—l—d B—b—r—Author of "How I lost 90 Pounds in 9 Days."

N—a B—ll—Sunday School Superintendent.

—

On Tuesday, February 27th, the girls of the '20 Executive entertained the First Year hockey team and the members of the Executive at a supper—pardon, a banquet. The table was tastefully decorated with 'Varsity colors and things to eat. The menu consisted of several courses, from bouillon, alias chicken soup (in real two-handled cups), to pink ice-cream. When no more eatables seemed to be forthcoming, Mr. Ham, whose attire for the occasion was the ever-fashionable C.O.T.C. uniform, arose and proposed the vote of thanks. He also offered, on behalf of the banqueters, to help wash up. Singularly few things were broken. A route march to the Gaiety followed, where the party dispersed.

N.B.—Who was responsible for the hieroglyphics on the blackboard of Room 20, the following morning?

—

The sentiments of Fourth and First Year girls were expressed by Miss Marjorie McKay at the Seniors' tea, when she hoped that never again should Freshettes be left uninitiated. However the '20 girls still hope to be firmly and well established as such before the term is over, for the rumor of a mysterious tea for the Freshettes is abroad, and they are awaiting its fulfilment with great interest, mingled with some anxiety lest it prove merely a rumor.

—

This is K(not) a K(nut)t

There's a fellow in our year, but he's K(not)t,
And yet he's K(not)t in our year.
This is not very plain, and he's K(not)t very sane,
If you knew him as well as you ought.

—

Recipe

To make Deviled Ham—

Take 125 pounds of Freshman Ham; add two skates and one hockey stick. Place on smooth ice, then mix with 160 pounds of fat (Barbour); leave to heat. A violent eruption is bound to take place, but on close observation it will be noticed that there is a Reddy cooling.

—

Week-end Complaints (Feb. 17, Boys' Hockey Trip to Carmen)—

Murray—Swelling of the head; cause; only a puck this time.

Playford—Swollen hand; cause: constant friction with table.

Ham—Grief; cause: swelling of Playford's hand.

Oliver—Headache; cause: oversleep; ask 'im.

Hinch—Palpitation of the heart; cause: pretty girl on the Carmen local.

—

How many Sophs. have been saving up their pocket money for the annual dinner, and for how long?

—

Things We Would Like to Know

If Isaacs, who recently arrived from the old country, really did ask if snowshoes were warmer than moccasins?

If the fear of hurting the camera's feelings prevented a large number of the Freshman Year from being photographed for the class picture?

If the Wesley Medical Matrics. really ought to attend public school again to learn how to spell, so that they will not interrupt zoology lectures any more?

If the tardiness in paying student organization fees is due to the popularity of billiards and snooker?

—

We're on hand with suggestions showing you the new models in Men's Hats. Calhoun the Hatter—*Adv.*

PHARMACY

The examinations will soon be here, and as a result everbody is plugging away some on the old theme others on new principles. The seventeen class are up and at it. Hobbs of course, is preparing a reception for more medals, it is a habit he has acquired since coming to our University. Heaslip is going to take a final knock at frogs, etc. Harman has solemnly sworn to pass all tests in chemistry or die in the attempt. (Funeral arrangements have all been completed.) Spratt is there hitting on four cylinders, treating them all alike. "Issy" Elik is terribly worried over the bugs in organic chemistry. Shane sighs whenever the word examination is mentioned. Kliman acts as though "he had not a care in the world."

—

Very characteristic tests given by Professor Soso:

Caproic Acid—odor resembles the Billy Goat.

Caprillic Acid—odor resembles Ram.

Valerianic Acid—odor resembles ?

For the first time this year the "old Pharmacy yell" was given at the Walker, on theatre night, and it sounded great, and reminded us of the days when our members were not so few as they are at the present. But when things are back to normal, our numbers will increase and the time honored yell will not be a phenomenon as it has been in the past two years.

—

When we assembled the other day for a drilling in Botany, the table was covered with flowers of gorgeous hue and heavenly odors. That's all very well, then the question arose as to where the flowers should go after the lecture. The girls really should have been presented with them, but nothing like this occurred, so we came to the conclusion that there might be a woman in the case. A commission has been appointed to investigate.

—

We are more and more convinced that there must be an attraction in counting dishes for the U.M.S.A. bun feed. Jim Spratt lays off from 2 to 3 lectures a day to go and count dishes! There's a reason!

—

The World's finest Hats are on view in Calhoun's Hat Shop—*Adv.*

ENGINEERING

Society Notes

Mr. Fleming of the Senior Matriculation spent the first week-end of March at Bedsford, a town-to-be on the C.N.R. He stopped at the home of some breeds (more from necessity than from desire) and spent two beautiful winter nights counting the stars through a crack in the wall, that also kept his feet in a cool condition, as the bunk he slept on was 5 feet 6 inches long, while Murray is over 5 feet 11 inches. Mr. Fleming can now tell as good a "hard luck" story as any old seasoned trooper after his week-end holiday.

—

Mr. Gus Guilbault was laid up with ear-ache during the first half of the week following the Engineering party given by our kind Professor. Is this just a natural ailment or did some fair damsel damage his ear by repeating over again that phrase, "My, isn't Mr. Guilbault a nice dancer?"

—

Mr. Green still appears once in a while. Probably gets homesick for us.

—

During the first week of this month Mr. McCarthy was really ill. We believe this is the first time we have ever heard of this budding youth being really laid up. He, like all others, will complain now and again of that ailment universally recognized by all "boards of attendance" as the most prevalent disease among real scholars, namely: "sick of school."

—

Our Senior Matric Engineers are taking a lively interest in basket ball and have been turning out well to practices. We have great hopes, and intend to play the game for all the sport there's in it.

—

We are in receipt of a new equation that one of the S.M.E. discovered in the chemistry laboratory the other day.

NaCL—H.C.L.—no more sale on account of the high cost of living. Whether or not this is a new substance we cannot tell, but some one versed in the laws of chemistry might be able to enlighten us as well as others.

Public Notice

As yet there is no machine for drawing machine drawings. However we sincerely hope that the misapprehension that Mr. Durkin was laboring under will be a known thing in the near future.

—

Many Matrics and other College students will be glad to hear that Lieut. Alex Waugh, well known to many of the Engineers, is with the cavalry unit in France, "fit as a fiddle," and enjoying himself immensely.

—

Engineering Senior Matric

Fleming—"That fellow Smith doesn't know what it means to be sensitive. You can't hurt his feelings."

Foster—"Did you ever try pinching him in the pocket book.

—

First Year Engineering

Vineberg—"Say, did you hear of the fire at the Bijou theatre?"

Muir—"No."

Vineberg—"Why the've been showing damaged goods for two weeks."

—

At the Hockey Practice

McKeague—"Oh! Gee, I feel very ill; I believe I am going to die."

Dingle—"Don't alarm yourself—that *is* the very last thing you'll do."

—

Current Events at an Engineers' Party

Things we have noticed while dancing with Engineers:

Jickling—"My, it was easy for me to learn to dance."

Abel—A parting pressure of the hand.

Stewart—"Why can't I keep these bally programmes straight?"

Le Page—"One last frantic hug! ! !"

Big Buck—Chest greatly inflated since competition waltz.

Little Buck—"Am I dreaming?"

Alex Corrigill—Falls over himself in his hurry to tag the right girls.

Alex Penrose—Has a weakness for Wrigley's—eyes and gum.

Hugo—"What's the use of buying gramophone needles when toothpicks are cheaper?"

Professor Dorsey—"The gurrel on the man's roight!"

Guilbault—"I don't pay any attention to the music anyway!"

—

You may talk of the music of operas,
  Of the leaves, of the running streams,
But I know of a sound far sweeter,
  That will echo through my dreams.
No other music is like it;
  It is something like the sea,
Or a gathering storm, or a flock of birds,
  It is gay and low and free;
It echoes through dusty hallways,
  And makes the rafters ring,
O the sound from the Ladies' Parlor
  Is a heart-inspiring thing (also ear-splitting.)

—

"THE FLASHLIGHT"

The Flashlight hopes its readers are all well. There is lots ov folks whoe eats well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. Theze are the folks who alwuz "enjoy poor health." Then I kno lots ov people whoze only reckomendashun iz, that they are helthy—so iz an onion.

(With apologies to Josh Billings).

An Engineering graduate, now on the survey, has just sent in a plea for shirts, which is conveyed in the following terms: "Please send some shirts, as I have only one left. It is in such a condition that the smallest hole is the one I put my head through, and it is in so many different pieces that I have to have it washed by the dozen.

—

We have a prof. called Mr. Tier,
Of his subjects we have no fear;
He can distinguish and divide
A hair twixt south and south-west side

—

Another man we call Durkin;
To one of his lectures I've been—
He undertook to prove by force
Of argument, a man's no horse.

—

Attention of Mr. Perry

Who is the most noted chicken-slayer mentioned by Shakespeare?

Answer to be found farther on in this material.

—

Abused by the Cockney

Whereas I have by you been driven
From (H)ouse and (H)ome, from (H)ope and (H)eaven,
And placed by your most learned Society
In Hexale, Hanguish and Hanxiety,
And used, without one just pretence,
With Harrogance and Hinsolence;
I here demand just restitution
And beg you'll mind your elocution.
Yours truly,
The letter "H."

—

One of the players who went to Carman in February stood on the last step of the coach to give a good-bye kiss to a friend. At that moment the train started—so mighty quick that the chap found himself giving the kiss to a big black woman who happened to be standing on the platform of the next station.

—

I overheard one Freshman tell another that he had a brother who was so tall that he had to climb up a ladder to shave himself. We think this Freshy should go in cold storage.

—

There is no doubt that the Engineers are a resourceful bunch. A few days ago one of their number was badly in need of a shave, but he had no brush. He found some hair restorer, and, taking his fountain pen, dipped it into it. It grew rapidly into a shaving brush.

—

A friend of the editor came back from Rice Lake the first of the month. He reports that gold's thick. He heard of one man who was so covered with gold dust that "his whiskers panned out as much as 30 dollars net."

—

Sophomore—I should think that that dark-haired mark over there would wear his brains out talking so much.

He Who is Able—Oh, that doesn't affect him any; he rests his mind when he is talking.

—

Hinch rushed from the wing as he heard the noise, and called, "What's that?" When from the stage, and fast tumbling into the wings, Pat replied, "Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly."

—

Answer to conundrum above—The uncle in Hamlet who "did murder most foul."

—

It's the long wearing qualities of a Calhoun Hat that makes you smile—*Adv.*

Science Section of the Flashlight

The Mule—The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, nature discovering her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than any other creature. They can't hear any quicker than a horse, but their ears are big enough for snowshoes. You can trust them with any one whose life isn't worth more than the mule's. The only way to keep them in a pasture is to turn them into the next meadow and let them jump out. They are a modern invention. They are the strongest creature on earth—at least some people testify, and heaviest according to their size. One fell off the tow-path of the Erie canal; sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept right on towing the boat to the next station. He breathed—or at least he said he did—through his ears, which were 2 feet 6 inches above water, and this was 4 feet above his record high-water mark.

—

A One-Act Play Without A Name

Sc. S.M.E.—(having geometry lecture).

Place—Room 3.

Time—During the lecture, of course.

Dingle, reading under his desk and McKeague trying to see the latest news—

Dingle—"Those Germans are certainly efficient."

McKeague—"How so?"

Dingle—"Why, I see they have put the whole question of the food supply into the hands of the Minister of the Interior."—(curtain, quick).

—

In Electrical Terms

Gus says he doesn't wonder that his sweetheart is afraid of lightning—she is so awfully attractive.

—

Conductor (to young lady who stumbles getting on car)—"If you had more yeast when you were young you would rise quicker."

Young lady (calmly)—"If you had more yeast when you were young you would be better bre(a)d."

—

A young Irish servant girl in Philadelphia one day said to her mistress—

"Here's the man with the butter, m'm."

"Is it the same man we have been having?" asked the lady.

"Yes'm," said the maid, "'tis the same man, only there's two av thim, an this is his brither."

—

Heard in the hall after a lecture on "As you Like It."

First Freshman—"When I get to heaven I am going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote that play."

Second Freshman—"Maybe he won't be there."

First Freshman—"Then you ask him."

—

Heard in the street-car after the motorman has put coal on the fire and the gas begins to ooze out.

Wesley Theolog No. 1 to No. 2—That motorman must be a German.

(Comment—These Wesley Theologs must indeed be a very humorous bunch.)

—

Next

Mary had a little lamb,
  A piece of pie or so;
But Mary did not have them
  When the ship tossed to and fro

LADIES' PARLOR

Y.W.C.A. Notes

Miss Hamill's recent visit was very much appreciated by all the girls. On Saturday afternoon, February 24th, a cabinet meeting, followed by a regular meeting, followed in turn by the most delicious eats, was the order of the day. The programme was well carried out, especially the last item.

—

We were glad to welcome the Wesleyites to our lunch room upstairs. Thirty strong they appeared, and departed with satisfied smiles. We are wondering why our own students don't appear to appreciate the dinners provided. Evidently our domestic science experimenters are without honor, save in their own country.

—

Junior Class

Dr. Joliffe has recommended as a diet for his Latin classes the following with a view to making things stick:

Breakfast—Flour and Water.
Dinner—Liquid Glue.
Supper—Treacle.

This might do very well if the right things stuck in the right place.

—

Mr. Qu-a-Ton, giving a modern touch to the Dido tragedy—Dido turned her eyes, now this way now that, and silently looked him up and down.

Dr. Clark—"Let us substitute "she surveyed him from head to foot. "Up and down is a little too modern, Mr. Qu-a-Ton.

—

We are somewhat relieved that at last Dr. Joliffe has found out that it is mere folly and a waste of time to ask Biblical questions in the Latin class.

—

Miss R-har-son, upon being asked about her Latin sight translation, tragically exclaimed: "Girls, my sight has failed!"

We hope this has no serious significance.

—

Dr. Crawford—Antony was in love with his destroying angel.

Miss QuAlly (in horrified accents)—"Angel?"

(Chorus of laughter.)

—

Birthday congratulations to Frank McGuire. You'll be a man yet, Frank.

—

Scene: A crowded street car. Lady standing up; Freshman seated.

Freshman—"Do you realize you are standing on my feet?"

Lady—"If you were polite you'd be standing on them yourself."

—

"Who'll we have for treasurer of the Y.W.C.A. next year?"

Edith M.: (present treasurer) "Let's see. Whom have I got a grudge against?"

—

Social Notes

One of the most brilliant events of the season took place in the form of an at-home given by Dr. Crawford on Wednesday, March 7th. The affair, which was rather in the nature of a surprise to the host took place in the English suite of the Hotel de la Faculte, the guests being welcomed in the reception room. The table, beautiful in its simplicity, was presided over by Miss Henderson, who dispensed the refreshments by means of a handsome steel paper cutter and an ebony-handled jack knife, in a most dexterous manner.

Among those present were Miss Helman, Professor Osborne, Miss Roberts, Miss Carson, Miss Scott, Miss Hunter, Miss Trescott, Miss Bell and many others.

Everyone pronounced the affair a most decided success, and it was agreed that the entire credit was due to Mrs. Crawford, whose ability as a maker of scrumptious cake was the chief topic of conversation.

—

From the Debutante

She—How do you stand in regard to the war?

He—Oh, I'm neutral; I don't care who licks Germany.

The Students' Year Book

An Appeal for Better Support

It is possible that before another issue of *The Manitoban* is out the 1917 issue of the Year Book will have made its appearance. I have only said "possible" rather than probable, because the fact is that unless more and better support is given the committee which has this work in hand the early issue of the book is not at all probable. It may even become necessary to make some drastic change in the plans of the committee such as cutting down the size of the book or increasing its price.

The cost of printing this book is, roughly, about $900.00. This includes printing, ink, paper, binding and the engraver's charges (for such pages as that of last year's book representing U.M.S.A. Athletics). The sources from which this money is raised are two: advertising space and sales of the book. The advertising space has been all sold and amounts to $450.00. There is left to be raised by sales, another $450.00. There are, including members of the faculty, 280 people about the University who ought to buy this book. These are University students proper who belong to the U.M.S.A. as distinct from those of the Colleges. As leather-bound books sell at $2.00 per copy, if 250 of these people would buy we would realize $500.00, and the cost of the issue could be met and a small surplus be had. Inasmuch, however, as a number will take cloth-bound books at $1.50 there will not be $500.00 realized from sales, but only about $460.00, provided 250 people will buy. This will mean that we shall be sailing pretty close to a lee shore. (Cost $900.00, receipts $910.00.)

You have noticed that I said "if 250 people would buy." But will they? You would think they would support this book, which is a record of the year's work and the best possible souvenir of their University days. But there is a large number of students who simply will not even support the work of the people whom they have chosen to do this work for them. I say they have chosen the committee because if they did not actively do so by voting they have passively acquiesced in the embarking of the student body on this venture. Tabulation of the figures representing the sales will perhaps put this matter before you most clearly.

There are 151 students in Arts; 40 of these have refused to subscribe (2 in Fourth Year, 4 in Third Year, 19 in Second, and 15 in First Year). There are 28 Medicine Matrics, and 18 have not yet subscribed. Of the Engineering students, out of 43 students 16 are still on the "waiting list" (Third Year, 2; Second Year, 5; First Year, 4; Matrics, 5). Of Science 4 out of 7 have subscribed. Pharmacy has 6 out of 13 students who have not helped. These are all in the First Year, and it may be that the efforts of Mr. Lightbody, who has promised to help, will avail even before this issue of the journal is in your hands.

It seems to me that no one can regard this record of "students' aid" (?) as satisfactory. The members of the Faculty have given support almost to a man. But the very ones who have had the job started hold back. And it is not the students who refrain from entering upon other branches of activity in the University whom this list represents. Some of those who are looked on as leaders are at the head of the list. In Arts the ones who are holding back are three-quarters of them girls. In Engineering, the Matrics and the Fourth year are the only ones who have done well in proportion to their numbers.

I do not propose to write any eloquent appeal for "enthusiasm in a noble cause." I cannot do it, anyway, and if I could I do not believe it would avail if a plain statement would fail. The plain statement of the case is before you. The committee would like fair play. A job was given it. Obligations were entered into with business firms, which obligations involve the whole student body and through it the University itself. There is just time to make this matter a thorough success if everyone will help. Do not read this and do nothing about it. If you have not ordered a book do so at once through the undersigned or through Mr. C. C. Stewart. If you have ordered one find out the names of your classmates who haven't and try to persuade them to help. Remember the work is yours and this committee is only your agent.

H. R. Maybank.

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More Than Ever, This Spring, Will Men Appreciate the Value in

EATON TAILORED SUITS AT $15.00

And the Very Helpful Service of HALF SIZES in Fitting.

"WHERE are all those fine suits coming from?"—men are asking, seeing the old time quality of fabric manifesting itself in new Spring shipments of $15.00 suits at Eaton's.

From the Eaton workrooms, to be sure! No lean season of superior woolens there.

Men will be surprised and astonished at the excellence of materials we will be able to put into suits at $15.00 this season.

Dependable wearing and fine appearing fabrics, representing tweed and worsted weaves—in a wide range of refined, neat patterns such as always have approval for business wear.

Eaton tailored; a high order of workmanship assured, with care to every detail.

In HALF SIZES—greatly facilitating fitting.

Men's Clothing Section, Main Floor, Hargrave

Many Heads are Being Crowned with These

NEW SPRING FEDORAS, $2.50

QUALITY perhaps does not measure up to the standard of more expensive hats, but—the smart style and distinguished appearance is there, and as well a becomingness that suits the nine men out of every ten. For business and around the town Spring wear, they have both style and class.

Several smart blocks to choose among. The wide brimmed hat as well as the narrow and medium brim hat. All have leather sweatbands, and all have been blocked in fine fur felt. Colors, new green, fawn, grey, navy.

Men's Hat Section, Main Floor, Hargrave

NEW SHIRTS SUFFICIENT

To Supply a Good Sized Army

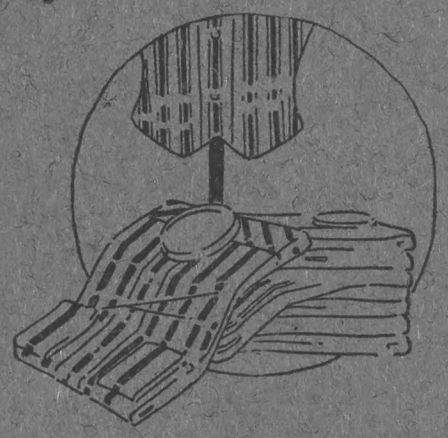
WE HAVE commandeered these shirts from the best shirt makers that we know of—both Canadian and American. It's a display that practically sums up the new colors, the new patterns, the new styles for Spring.

They're cut sufficiently generous, too, to allow all the room for action that the athletic chap could desire, yet have the proportions that assure a snug and comfortable fit.

Stripes of course! And in what variety!

Men's Spring Shirts made up in a fine quality of percale. Coat style with soft and laundered cuff. Stripes of blue, black and helio. Eaton Price, **$1.00.**

Men's New Spring Shirts tailored in fine quality of Madras and percales. They afford a broad selection of stripe patterns. Both soft or laundered cuff. Eaton Price, **$1.25, $1.50.**



Men's Furnishings Section, Main Floor, Portage

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

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